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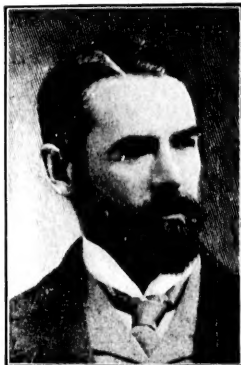
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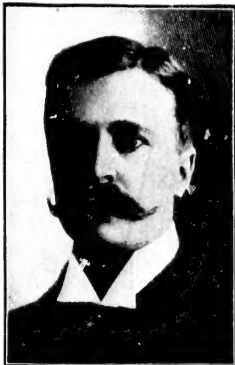


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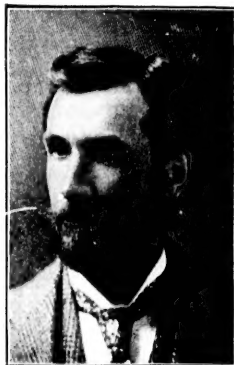
McClure's
Mar. 00



John Hislop,
Assistant Chief Engineer.



E. C. Hawkins,
Chief Engineer.



M. J. Heney,
Contractor.

"THE THREE HEROES WHO MADE THE ROAD."

BUILDING A RAILROAD INTO THE KLONDIKE.

By CY WARMAN,

Author of "Tales of an Engineer," "The Story of the Railway," etc.

A JOURNEY OVER THE NEW WHITE PASS AND YUKON LINE AND THE TRUE STORY OF THE ROAD'S CONSTRUCTION.

IN an unguarded moment Close Brothers of London came into possession of an invisible piece of property known as a franchise. Some enterprising gentlemen had acquired the right to build a railroad in Alaska; but being unable to raise the necessary funds, they sold this right to the London firm. The money went by way of a loan. If the borrowers failed to build the road, or to begin to build it within a given time, the English capitalists were to have the privilege of taking over the franchise and constructing the line. The borrowers failed, and the lenders concluded to build the road themselves. An interesting fact, a thing almost unheard of in the history of American railways, is that these men, way across the continent and beyond the broad Atlantic, came to this conclusion without ever having seen the country or having a representative look the ground over. They organized a company, and made Mr. S. H. Graves, of their Chicago office, president. Graves was building a big reservoir in Colorado. E. C. Hawkins was his chief engineer, and John Hislop was Hawkins's assistant. Now the president of this imaginary railroad, that had not even been surveyed, did as bold a thing as his London associates had done. He ordered Hawkins and Hislop to Alaska to build a railroad from the head of Lynn Canal across the steep, rough range to Lake Bennett. There were no side cañons, there was no room to swing for the heavy grade and the summit. In building a prairie road you cut across lots, to save mileage. On a mountain, you strive to increase your mileage, in order to get over the hill. At one place on the Yukon River, we steamed for two hours and a half, and gained a mile. I figured that the steamboat company's six steamers would burn a thousand dollars' worth of wood a week, steaming round the bend, and suggested cutting a way for the river through the narrow neck of land.

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"Yes," said the captain, "and make another White Horse Rapids. These twelve miles of loops and bends make it possible to do the trip at all." And so it is with a mountain railway—you must have mileage.

By May, 1898, a start had been made in locating the road. It was to begin at Skagway, at the head of Lynn Canal. But now nearly every ship that came up through the canal from the outside world brought discouraging news to the locating engineers. Those who wanted the enterprise to fail spoke first, and then others echoed their prediction that the road would never be built. But the pathfinders worked on patiently, faithfully, as a man paints for the sake of seeing his picture, yet with no hope of a sale. Rumors of war reached England, and the English capitalists shook their heads. The United States declared war with Spain, and London ordered the work of road-making in America to stop. Dewey smashed the Spanish fleet one Sunday morning at Manila. Spanish ships, guns, men, all sunk in a sea of smoke and a heaven of flame! It was awful, but it was grand. England applauded, and the applause ran round the earth. The Anglo-Saxon heart beat wildly. The London capitalists cabled to America to build the line in Alaska. The pathfinders rejoiced, and went to work with a will. Heney, the contractor, who always walked erect, took on a Chilkoot slant, and actually leaned back, glad to know that the road would be completed, for whatever he did he did with his whole heart.

The work of the locating engineer was not easy. The snow was still heavy on the shadowed side of the hills. At many points the face of the mountain was so steep that they had to resort to ropes and often to triangulation. It was a long time between Easter and wild flowers in the Alaskan hills. Upon one occasion, Hislop set out with a pair of snowshoes and a sandwich to explore a mythical pass that lay over Atlin way. After climbing over rocks, snow, and glaciers for hours, he gained the summit, only to find it some hundreds of feet higher than White Pass. Going down the north slope, the engineer began to look for the "broad open valley" that was said to go with this "Warm Pass," as it was called. In a little while he found himself on the banks of the Otter River, broad and swift. All night he traveled down this stream, hoping to strike the Dawson Trail. Often the river swept through cliffs, and the traveler was forced to climb over steep bluffs. The underbrush grew dense and tangled. The snow down the river

became soft, and he was forced to take off his snowshoes. Presently he came to an open gulch, or narrow valley, that swept down to the river from the south. Turning into this cañon, he came, late in the afternoon of the second day, within sight of the smoke at Log Cabin, and rejoiced that food and rest were at hand. At dusk, when within a few miles of the police station, the pathfinder came to another river, cold, swift, wide, and deep. That night he passed in a cold, drizzling rain. The next morning, far up stream, he found a shoal where he could wade the river, and late at night, on the third day, he reached the Northwest Mounted Police post at the head of Middle Lake.

At another time Hislop and Heney became snowbound on the summit of White Pass. They were somewhat separated, when Heney found their camp-cook freezing in the snow. He wanted to help the man, but the man wanted to die. Heney kicked him, cursed him, and dragged him along the trail. "You fool, you're not fit to die—you're not fit to live. Stand up, or I'll disfigure you so your friends won't know you over there, over there."

Now, when Hislop chanced to hear the Irishman talking in this way, he guessed that Heney had gone crazy. Hurrying through the storm, he soon found his friend patiently dragging the half-dead cook down the trail. After much hard work they succeeded in saving the man's life, much against the man's will.

The day the engineers unloaded in Alaska land began to "boom." Every man who had a lot along the Skagway River wanted ten times its value, because railway corporations are supposed to be heartless and soulless, and to have nothing but money. Moreover, you can rob a railway company, as a Turk kills a Christian, and lose no sleep over the matter.

The youthful municipality of Skagway, whose future depended upon the railroad, threw any amount of bother in the way of the pathfinders. The trailers and packers, whose business would go when the railway came; the Chilkooters, and highwaymen with lots to unload, all labored early and late to hinder and hurt the enterprise.

After much anxiety a franchise was secured from the town of Skagway for a right of way along the bluff on the east side of the town. The right of way, however, was not cleared for the railway builders, and after waiting some time, the representative of the company asked for right of way through Broadway, one of the principal streets of

the place. A very stormy mass-meeting was held on the evening of June 14th, when it was decided to grant the railway temporary use of the street until the way along the bluff could be cleared, and by the town turned over to the company. Although a majority of the people at the mass-meeting favored the granting of the right of way, a noisy

the road runs along the low river-bank through a dense forest of small timber. Near the forks of the Skagway River it leaves the river, and begins to climb the side of the mountain. Following the east fork, it swings far to the east, to the foot of Warm Pass, then back to the west branch of the river, climbing up over the shoulder

1,750 miles from Dawson to St. Michael, by steamboat.
2,105 miles from St. Michael to San Francisco.



MAP OF THE WHITE PASS AND YUKON RAILWAY, SHOWING THE PART ALREADY COMPLETED, THE PART NOW UNDER CONSTRUCTION, AND THE PART SURVEYED FOR FUTURE CONSTRUCTION.

minority objected, and declared that they would prevent the company, if need be, by force, from building in Broadway. It was three o'clock in the morning when the meeting adjourned. Most of the participants slept late, and when they awoke they saw a railway along Broadway, a little locomotive chugging forward and back, and men with firearms hanging on their hips tramping the ties. The town failed ever to make good its agreement to provide right of way along the bluff; but the company afterwards purchased land there from the individual owners and laid track, so that it now has two lines through the town. All passenger trains still run up through Broadway.

For the first few miles out of Skagway,

of a rugged mountain. This is Rocky Point, where the road was so hard to locate. Sometimes, in order to gain a distance of a few hundred feet, the men were obliged to climb for hours over, or around, high, almost perpendicular cliffs, and then slide down to the line again. A little further along, they were obliged to put in a switchback; but this is only temporary. The cañon can be bridged a few hundred feet below.

When the building began in earnest, the company found it easy to engage good, strong, sober men as common laborers at thirty cents an hour. "They were not the ordinary railroad laborers, and spent very little money for drink," said the locating engineer. "Many of them were college graduates.

Upon one occasion the company surgeon, having an operation to perform, sent out on the grade for assistance. A skilled physician was found among the graders. He came in, assisted the surgeon, and then took up his pick again."

Midsummer saw a thousand men working on the road. They would blow down the side of a mountain, fill the trail, or wagon-road, at the bottom of the gulch, climb down, clear the trail, and then climb back up the steep cliff to the grade again. It was slow work and expensive; but thousands of pilgrims were passing over the road at the bottom of the cañon every day. It must be kept open. Even the railway people wanted the travel to continue over White Pass, for rivals were already building an aerial tramway over Chil-koot Pass to compete with the railroad.

A band of men working in a mining region are like a herd of range steers feeding in a narrow field. They are due to stampede at any moment. Every time a travel-stained prospector came down the trail, the graders would question him eagerly, and if he told a rosy tale, a half dozen, a score, or fifty men might be missing at the work next morning.

On the 5th of August, Hislop and Heney went up over the summit, down Lake Bennett, around by Little Windy Arm, and back by Too-chi lake and river. In thirty-four hours they made eighty miles of mountain, lake, and river. At Log Cabin, coming back, they met hundreds of their graders, many of them carrying their shovels (worth \$16 each then) away with them. The men began to ask eagerly where the "new diggin's" were. When Hislop and Heney declared that they had only been out reconnoitering, that they had seen no new diggings, nor even heard of any, the men hooted, yelled, and hurried on, without the slightest notion of their destination. At Lake Bennett, they found men with boats and scows to rent or to sell, and full of the story of the late "strike" and the wonderful richness of the Atlin district. And on they went. Hundreds were already there—hundreds homeless, houseless, foodless, sitting on the shore watching the army crossing over the beautiful blue-green lake; and they laughed, and said, "See the poor fools come." Five hundred and sixty men stampeded from the White Pass grade alone. When we stop to consider the other hundreds, as helpless, who rushed into this tentless country, veritable tramps, without a dollar or a doughnut, it is easy to understand how so many men came to want, and curse the country, good country though it be, and wondrous fair to look upon.

There, briefly, is the Atlin "boom" and the cause of it.

Following the stampede of the graders came an order through the Northwest Mounted Police, notifying the path-finders that the road for the present must end at the international boundary line. It was not until October that permission was finally secured for the construction of the line into Canada. On the fifth of that month, they broke ground in British Columbia, Captain Cartright and Judge Dugas officiating for the Dominion. Winter set in almost immediately. Early in November the lakes froze over. As the snow got deeper, and the wind from the north blew more constantly and with greater force, the work of construction became more difficult. During the latter part of November, the weather was very stormy and the thermometer often thirty degrees below zero. Yet whenever the men could work sheltered from the wind, they did not complain of the cold; but this could not always be. Frequently for days at a time a gang of men would be able to accomplish nothing. The ground that they succeeded in clearing of snow in one day's labor they found had again drifted full over night, and another day would be spent in doing the same thing over again. Finally the grade was completed to the summit—part of it on snow—and the bridging was begun. The snow would be shovelled off the grade and track laid to a bridge opening; then the construction of the bridge would go on until track could be laid over it and on to the next opening, and so on. It was slow work, but the men kept steadily at it. At the bridge below the tunnel, when the winds were blowing fiercely and the snow drifting, the men experienced a great deal of difficulty. In one instance, after the sills were in place and the posts and caps all framed and ready to be raised, the men spent one whole day putting up a single bent; and the day following they succeeded in raising only two bents; and this with all the men at work that could be employed, and a steam hoister to raise the timbers. The men became numb with cold, and the snow drifted so that it was almost impossible to see. Often they could not see across an opening forty feet in width, and the loudest shout could not be heard. A post would be swung up and got almost ready to be dropped in place, and then a gust of wind would sway it out of line and out of reach of the men. But by perseverance, they finally succeeded, and the bridges were all in place. The track was laid to the

summit on the 16th of February, and the first passenger train, with a load of excursionists, went from Skagway to the summit of White Pass on the 20th day of February, 1899.

At last, in considerably less than a year, this twenty-mile hill had been climbed. It had been a big job. At one time, during the construction, all the company's buildings, offices, furniture, and field notes were destroyed by fire. It had cost a lot of money, a few limbs, and many lives. Robert Brydone-Jack, a very promising young engineer, who had been elected by the stockholders to represent their interests, and whose heart and soul were in the accomplishment of the work, was stricken down with spinal meningitis, and after a very short illness, expired. The first intimation that his wife, who resided in Vancouver, had of even his illness was in the news that his body had been brought into port on the steamer "Rosalie."

Hugh Foy, an old and experienced railroad builder, had been general superintendent of construction from the beginning of the work. His health was not the best. Mr. Heney had urged him to take a rest in a milder climate, but he refused to do so. At the feast on the summit, on the 20th of February, he was one of the happiest and busiest of men. A few days later a heavy snow storm came on, and two engines were snowed in between the summit and glacier. He was out all night with them, caught cold and pneumonia, and died on the 28th of February, the day on which he had arranged to begin his vacation, his body being carried to Seattle by the "Rosalie" on the very trip on which he had arranged to sail as a passenger. It is war, this conquering of a wild, new country. It costs something. But it is necessary.

Here, now, we come to the passing of the trail—the terrible Dead Horse Trail, that had claimed so many dumb beasts. The first ten miles had already gone with the building of the toll-road—ten miles of toll-road that earned its enterprising owner ten thousand dollars during the time it took to build the railroad. Along this awful trail now lay the dried husks of horses so close together that you could walk for many rods stepping from one hide to another. Marking the progress of the road-makers on the mountain-side, the crafty packers had pounded the poor horses over the cruel trail, literally driving them to death. Most of the animals perished, however, at the hands of the heartless Cheechawkos, the gold-mad "tender-feet," who believed that a horse could live and work on

Saratoga chips. But the packer hated the road-maker. The railway would ruin the country, he declared. Still the work went on. The boom of the blast and the smell of powder smote the ear and nose of the packer, the trailer, and the toll-man. Sometimes they were blasting rock; sometimes they thought they were blasting rock, but after hours, days perhaps, would find that it was only ice. Finding no "bottom," they built the road on ice, in places, ballasting it with snow, and ran trains over it all winter without an accident.

On the 1st of December the hours of labor, which during the summer had been eleven or more per day, were cut down to nine, and the rate of wages was raised from thirty cents to thirty-five cents per hour. This continued until the first of March, when the time was again extended to ten hours, at thirty cents per hour. The men objected to this, and asked for a reconsideration. The company refused to reconsider; and the men, encouraged by a few professional strikers, packers, Chilkooters, and short-sighted shopkeepers, concluded to strike. In three days, 1,200 men dropped their picks and shovels, passed under the paymaster's window, received their time-checks, and joined the vast army of unemployed.

A passing glance at this strike, away off yonder in Alaska, is worth while. Here were a thousand or more men, sober, industrious, intelligent—wonderfully so for day-laborers—following a lot of "wreckers" who had no more interest in their welfare than Satan or the Sultan has; who were indeed using them to the purely selfish end that the congestion of freight and passengers at Skagway might continue and the outrageous rates for transporting across the range be undisturbed. Incredible as it may appear, the strikers looked upon these confidence-men who were leading them out of employment into idleness and anarchy as their friends, and upon their former employers as their enemies. A subscription paper was immediately circulated in the supposed interest of the strikers, and those who wanted their friendship, or rather their money, subscribed liberally, writing their names boldly in big letters. Many of these professed friends attended the daily meetings held by the strikers and encouraged them, that their names might be remembered when the men returned to work. A minister gave his meeting-house to the men to meet and sleep in, and was looked upon by some of the rail-

way officials as a disturbing factor, but he seems to have been the one unselfish friend the men had.

By the end of a week, many of the men had spent what money they had. To the amazement of the townspeople and the chagrin of the strikers, the railroad company made no effort to end the strike. The company argued that it had had no hand in bringing the strike about; and, moreover, it was money saved to the company if the men remained idle through the month of March. The company would not have closed down and thrown a thousand men out of work in a far-off corner of the earth; but since the men had seen fit to quit of their own motion, the company was not at all put out.

By the 13th of March the strikers had reached that period in the natural progress of a strike when a meeting may easily be turned to a mob and law-abiding citizens be converted into red-mouthed, howling anarchists. They were in session all day, and again at night. Some one made a fiery speech; the smoldering embers of discontent were fanned into flame, and the assemblage swept into the street, crying, "To the shops, to the shops!" Now the real purpose of the leaders was only to go to the shops, terrorize the few employees still at work, and force them to join the strikers. But a mob knows no law, and listens to no reason. The more reckless of the crowd (who always take the lead upon such occasions) understood that the shops were to be wrecked and burned. Hundreds of the men would have no part in this business, but followed out of curiosity, and so, unwittingly, encouraged the real rioters.

On the way to the shops, at the upper end of the town, the men were met by their friend, the minister, who tried to persuade them to return. He held them only for a few moments; but long enough for Mr. Hislop to telephone to Heney, who was at the shops. The resourceful Irishman ran a locomotive outdoors, and then fixed headlights all about so as to illuminate every avenue leading from the town to the shops. When the mob came into the glare of the light, they hesitated. Heney called to them to retreat, but they would not. They advanced again. Heney, backed by Dr. Whiting, the fighting chief surgeon of the company, and a handful of faithful employees—some with guns, some with clubs, but many with nothing but their naked hands with which to defend themselves against the howling mob—halted the leader. The leader told Heney

his voice was shaky. The doctor, who manifestly believes in the heroic treatment of desperate diseases, clubbed his rifle, and smote the impertinent rioter, felling him to the ground, and breaking his gun-stock at the same time. The mob fled. The wounded man, whose name was White, was carried into the shop. Now the doctor took off his coat, dressed the man's wound, and turned him over to the tardy United States marshal. The following day White had a hearing, and got six months at Sitka in which to think it over. That ended the strike. The men began trailing out to the grade, but only a few were reemployed. The weather was bad, and the men could not earn thirty cents, or half of it, in an hour; so the company concluded to go slowly until the snow left the hills.

The company was now running trains to the summit, and making money, and yet was charging just half what the toll had been over the toll-road—half what the packer had paid for the privilege of passing along the planked trail. By the 1st of June, 1899, a full force of men were at work. On the 20th, they began laying track beyond the summit. They put down three miles of steel that day. Two shifts working twelve hours each were now employed, for there was no night in Alaska. Not a lamp nor a lantern was used. Early on the morning of July 6th, a river steamer that had come up the Yukon landed 200 passengers at Bennett. Across the front of a tent they saw a sign: "The White Pass & Yukon Route. R. R. Ticket Office." Many rushed in to buy tickets, but there was no railroad—not a rail nor a tie to be seen.

"We'll take care of you," said the ticket agent, blandly. "The train leaves at 2 P.M. sharp."

"Where'bouts does it start from?" asked a man in a broad white hat.

"It will leave from this depot at 2 P.M."

With that the agent ceased to be a source of information. He gave his individual attention to the stamping of tickets, the counting of money, and the weighing of "dust."

When they had all bought tickets, the pilgrims sat and listened to the ceaseless ring of the steel spike-mauls on the steel rails. Many went out to see the men at work. The end of the track had been two miles out when they landed. It was nearer now. Some of the prospective passengers wanted to help the workmen, so eager were they to continue their journey, for many had "dust" that was spoiling to be spent; more had "dust" to get, and longed to reach Seattle. More than one was singing, softly:

"Oh, cable this message along the track:
The Prod's out West, but he's coming back;
Put plenty of veal for one on the rack,
Trolla lala, la la la, la la."

Finally, amid the wildest enthusiasm, the last spike was driven, and the first through passenger train pulled out on schedule time. July 20, 1897, the first pack train had crossed the range from the head of Lynn Canal. July 20, 1898, the first locomotive was run on the White Pass and Yukon line. February 20, 1899, the first passenger train was run to the summit of White Pass, and the first through passenger train on July 6, 1899, only a little over a year from the commencement of the work of building the road.

When it was seen that the road would be completed, those who had predicted its failure began to prophesy that it would never earn operating expenses. As a matter of fact, the twenty miles from Skagway to the top of the hill earned enough to pay the cost of the expensive extension to Bennett—paid operating expenses, and left a balance. The first \$130,000 earned after the line was completed to Lake Bennett showed a net profit of \$100,000 over operating expenses. It cost in the neighborhood of \$25,000 to run the road during the month of August, the first full month after the completion of the line. The gross earnings that month were about \$200,000. Not a bad month's work for a forty-mile road, and all for the transportation of a few sight-seers, and the flowers for Dawson's grave.

"WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?"

Now that the daring capitalist has built this railway over White Pass, what will he do with it? Atlin is a myth, Dawson is dead, and the whole "Klondike boom busted." Men had been saying such things for months. But when we stepped ashore at Skagway, early in August, 1899, to my amazement the place was full of people, busy, happy. Piles of freight were upon the wharves; steamers were constantly coming and going; yard engines were puffing about the sheds or screaming along the bluffs. The streets and hotels were full of people—miners, pilgrims, tourists, and pleasure-seekers. Captain Hovey's black troopers were building a white city at the edge of the town. Seven hundred tons of freight lay at the wharf waiting to be transported over the range, and our steamer, the "Rosalie," that had refused freight at Vancouver, would leave

300 tons more. A thousand tons to be carried forty miles at \$40 a ton! Yes, Dawson was dead and buried. The multitude that was to use and consume all this truck was staying, loyally, on the Klondike to keep the grave green. Skagway, two years old, has two daily papers. The proprietor of one has a green lawn and a lawn-mower. The \$10,000 toll-road man has a fine vegetable garden. Sweet-peas and pink geraniums are abloom about his door. At the best café in camp, founded by the late "Sapolio" Smythe, we had ham and eggs and a cup of good coffee for twenty-five cents. From my window at the Fifth Avenue (\$2.50, American plan) I could look out upon that beautiful waterway, miscalled a canal, and see ships of all sorts and sizes coming and going, coming and going. A big freighter was coming in; an excursion boat was blowing "good-by," bound for Sitka. "Twas a busy town for a two-year-old.

And here is the train that is to take us over the hill along the new trail—a smart-looking, compound Baldwin locomotive, a combination express, mail, and baggage car, three day coaches, and an open observation car in the rear. The seats are all taken as we enter the train. The open car is full, and upon all the steps people are sitting, and standing on the platform, eager for the first glimpse of the gorgeous Alaskan scenery.

Leaving the town, we sweep through a groove in the forest. On the left are the ruins of a turkey ranch, established in the "boom" days, and down the mountain side to the right plunges Reid Falls. Glancing again to the left, we see the beginning of the once famous Dead Horse Trail, and leaving the river, we swing up along the foot of the range. At the next curve we get a glimpse of a great glacier, and now as we pass through deep cuts at Rocky Point, the man who laid out the line shows us that we are traveling along an old river-bed, crossing and recrossing it as we climb the hill. The break in the rock formation is plainly visible when once you have been taught to look for it. Yes, one time the river ran along just where the road runs now, while the river is now hundreds of feet, aye, a thousand feet below us. As the engine lifts us higher and higher, we can see the great ice fields below Skagway and beyond Dyea, and across the cañon white rivers are slipping down the mountain. They are not flat rivers, nor perpendicular falls, but swiftly sliding streams that in the

distance look like broad bands of silver reaching down from the glaciers to the gorge.

A sudden turn throws the train out along a shelf of the range. "Look! look!" some one calls, and everybody looks back, and there is a scarcely audible "O-O-O-O," for just below us lies the whole town of Skagway, and beyond, but in full view, the harbor with all its shipping, and still farther the billow mountains capped with eternal ice. That one glimpse is worth the price of a trip to Alaska. But you get it twice, as a matter of fact, and so save money by going. When we stop at the switchback, a river of good size is rushing beneath our train and plunging on down the steep, narrow gorge to lose itself and its song in the super Pacific.

Now, at the request of the superintendent, who goes along with us, I must go forward and ride the engine for a while. "I want you to roast Westinghouse, or Baldwins, or somebody, for the idiotic way they have of distributing air-levers and cocks in a cab," was the way McGee, the driver, greeted me. I promise to do so, and when he has given me two pieces of clean white waste with which to grip the hot, and sometimes oily, pipes, we visit, and I hang out of the fireman's window and drink in the grandeur of the wild scene, and listen to the music of the stack, and to the cry of the whistle that goes singing up the side cañons and echoing back from the far-off hills. As we approach the summit, I watch eagerly for the head-waters of the Skagway, that flows south for sixteen miles to the Pacific Ocean, and the beginning of the Yukon, that flows north for 1,600 miles, or more, to find the sea. But I never knew, and know not now. All at once we were at the summit. A few moments later we were gliding down the other side, with a river that was a lake every little while flowing under our window, but flowing to the north.

At Log Cabin we meet the Northwest Mounted Police. They are the customs officers here, but the most obliging, gentlemanly customs officers you will find in many years' travel. But they gained the undying hatred of the stampedeers, packers, and "boomers," who came in the "boom" days with wounded, maimed, and sore-backed horses. These were compelled to turn back or stop until the poor dumb animals were fit for the trail. A long blast of the whistle, and we slow, and stop at Bennett, on the

wind-swept shore of Bennett Lake. In something less than four hours we have crossed the range that used to cost the early pilgrims as many weary days. And now they are building on—on to Caribou Crossing, and on to the foot of White Horse Rapids, to the heart of the recently discovered copper fields, and seventy miles farther on the way to the Klondike. Next summer, when this gap is closed, the traveler bound for Dawson can enter a train at Chicago, Washington, or Montreal, change to a steamer whenever he strikes the Pacific, back to rail at Skagway, and to a river steamer at White Horse, that will put him ashore at Dawson, without the slightest inconvenience, in less than nine days for the entire journey, if he figures his connections carefully. From Chicago to Seattle, three sleeps; Seattle to Skagway, three sleeps; Skagway to White Horse, half a day; White Horse to Dawson, two sleeps. Total, eight and one-half days.

And be sure this time will be shortened from year to year. For many people will go this way. There will be competition, with a shortening of the time, on overland trains. There will be better boats on the Sound, doing the trip in a little over two days, in two or three years from now. But within that time the railroad will in all probability be extended to the mouth of the Klondike. It is 450 miles from White Horse to Dawson. At places the road would be expensive, but miles and miles of track could be laid along the level shore of the Yukon, and there is timber for ties from the mere clearing of the right of way. It would cost less to keep this 450 miles of road open in winter than it costs to keep a like amount of track clear in Dakota or Colorado. The snow lies on the level at an average depth of two feet. A hundred and forty feet fell at the switchback on the Great Northern last winter. As there is little or no wind, there will be no drifting. It is the drift that causes the trouble. To be sure, the men who made the White Pass Railroad did not make the country; but they have helped the traveler and the shipper over a bad place in the trail. It is wicked to mar the beauties of nature, but now that the face of the cliff has been broken, it would be a handsome thing for the company to send a man with a chisel to Rocky Point and have him grave on the face of the wall three big capital "H's," that would stand for all time for the three heroes who made the road: Hawkins, Hislop, and Heney.

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